

**Norwich Bulletin and Courier**  
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Norwich, Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1909.

**EXPECTATIONS.**  
It is expected that the Johnson-Jeffries fight for the heavyweight championship of the world will bring a quarter of a million to the muscular giants who indulge in such brutality to meet the tastes of those who still enjoy savage sport.  
Ordinarily it might be thought there cannot be many such in Christian America when Evangelist Chapman is proclaiming that the light of Christianity is within five years to bring India, China and most of the heathen world into Christian brotherhood with the enlightened Christian nations of the west; but those who know how to estimate the number of such patrons place the witnesses of the fight at 25,000 at \$10 a ticket for a few minutes of excitement, which rounds up \$250,000 for the ticket office, and leaves over the purse of \$101,000 to go to the participants, \$149,000 for expenses and premiums to those who manage the fight; and later on the films will draw other crowds to the vaudeville houses and the little theaters, and that income may be twice as large as the one from the sale of seats.  
This shows that vice has the biggest pull upon the popular wallet, and that men will pay the biggest prices for the most demoralizing performances.  
It will take more than five years to debilitate a large portion of our own civilized population.

**THE NEW WOMAN.**  
According to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young of Chicago, one of the very few women in the world capable of earning \$10,000 a year by her own ability, ventures to try to make us all acquainted with "the new woman" and she seems to be worth knowing. Mrs. Young says: "It is the new woman who rates the home first among all of earth's institutions, and believes in protecting it from saloon environment and saloon encroachment, as well as from the greed of the man who would collect rentals from poverty for tenements dilapidated and wholly unfit for human habitation. It is she who is taking up the battle of the babies, hundreds of whom are murdered annually in our great cities through poor sanitation, ignorant motherhood and criminal milkmen. It is she who is pleading the rights of childhood to playtime and sunshine and school; who is seeking to emancipate it from the mill and the mine; who is opening mothers' clubs and mothers' schools; who is providing summer vacations in the country and summer playgrounds in the city, that the children of the slums may become the children of actual homes, the children of privileges. The 'new' woman is standing by her over-taxed and over-worked sister everywhere, seeking to lighten her burdens and shorten her hours of toil."  
Now we see plain enough that the "new woman" is the old woman glorified, the woman who in future will have her sphere above the crown of her head as a mark of sainthood instead of about her to limit her capabilities. We will accept the "new woman" on the O. K. of Mrs. Young. She is the real thing and we cannot get along without her.

**A PATHETIC LITTLE LETTER.**  
When the juvenile world is touched by parents, the press or the great department stores about Christmas time, it is found to respond quickly and to know what it wants. Among the girls the demand for dolls is as strong as ever. The following is a copy of a girl's letter received by the Philadelphia Times:  
If you please Will you ask Santa Claus to give me a doll for Christmas. I never have one yet and I am older than years old but my mom says if I write to you I can get a doll.  
I ain't got no pop. He died once, and I ain't got no doll. I had one wunce and me pop when he was livin he tuk it to a hook shop and sold it fer munnies to buy a drink with and he never let me have a doll. But he died now and if you ken I will like to have a doll, please ansur.  
M. T., aged 8.

There is a picture of life for you—an experience of innocence. One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives until something of this kind lifts the curtain. There may be nothing in Norwich quite equal to this—there may be a few cases just as bad. It is pleasant to think that nothing quite equal to this could happen in the state of Connecticut; but there are enough cases of extreme juvenile need, and those who know where a doll will do much good should not hesitate to meet the expectations of the child.

A little Norwich girl who addressed a letter to Santa Claus and wanted nearly a whole toy shop signed herself as "Your old chum, aged 6." Of course, Santa Claus would not be guilty of neglecting an "old chum" of that age and standing.

It is quite a Christmas present to the country when Gompers tells untold labor that a demonstration if he has to go to jail is foolishness. It is a gift of peace.

The nation spends ten millions a year in feeding and clothing the Indians, and they show an increase of 40,000 on account of kindly care, in twenty years.

The self-llevelling table makes pool, billiards or croquet possible on shipboard, but the self-llevelling deck is what the seafarer is hoping will soon be invented.

Harry Thaw is trying to get into better society. The environment at Matthews does not suit him, and he has asked to be assigned to a new burghouse.

The fine of \$5,000 imposed upon the Ice trust is not hot enough to keep them from squeezing twice that amount out of the people, and then smiling.

Poet Watson has Alfred Austin completely beaten, for he never had two nations stirred up by two of his lines, yet.

**CARE OF THE HORSE.**  
The horse that is slipping on the icy ground or frosty pavement to the peril of his limbs on cold December mornings does not show conscientious care, or even that his owner has good sense. It would astonish us if we should see the total of animals that are crippled and ruined during the winter months just from a mistaken idea of economy or a headless regard of duty toward animals who serve us well and deserve constant protective care. It is apparent often from the load that is put upon horses and abuse of the animal that the creature in the shafts is as intelligent, if not more so, than the driver in the seat.  
Incompetence in charge of a horse, an automobile or a steam boiler because it is cheap is the simplest foolishness expressed in the most glaring way when deplorable results tell the story.  
Any good thing from house to horse is entitled to the best of care, and the man who looks after his beasts of burden and domestic animals with faithfulness has the best of results and nothing to deplore.  
It is merciful to keep animals well shod and to have a care that they are not abused in any way.

**HOME WITHOUT A PARLOR.**  
It will shock fashionable people as much to learn that the parlor has got to go as much as it will delight thousands of overworked women who realize that it means not only less expense but less tax upon their strength and more time to be otherwise used. An authority upon architecture gives notice that the best room is really a superfluity and costs more than it comes to. A well-kept family room is good enough for callers or guests and this fact is being more and more recognized. Comfort and sunshine are now to be found where once the haircloth furniture and the partially closed shutters repelled familiarity. Shades and shutters and summer fittings have all quietly abdicated in favor of cordiality and common sense.

This means that the time spent in keeping the parlor clean can be devoted to excursions in the open air, to entertainment, to improve the health or to accomplish other things of more importance than keeping up old-fashioned pride and wasting strength upon old-fashioned bric-a-brac and things.

**HE CAN SHOOT BACK.**  
The men in this state who are hunting State Highway Commissioner MacDonald do not seem to be aware that they have not taken out a license—Norwich Bulletin.  
The law is "off" continually for public officials, and so is it off with public officials as to the hunters. The hunting of a man like MacDonald differs from hunting chipmunks in that the hunted can fire back and is quite as likely to score as the hunter—Bridgeport Standard.

We see that The Standard does not realize that when MacDonald does hunt his enemies that he finds that a great many of the offenders are chipmunks and muck-rakers, and that it is more profitable to attend to duty rather than to be spending his time in trying to silence the unsilenceable. There is one thing apparent and that is that the state highway commissioner is never guilty of firing any ineffective shots.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
Who cares who discovered the North pole if there is plenty of coal in the bin?

Japan shows up two million more inhabitants than it had at the close of the war with Russia.

Two weeks from today we shall be calculating how we are to meet the surplus of our indebtedness.

Man calls the bookworm Ulicinara duodinalis. Who wonders that it strives to bring the race to grief?

Happy thought for today: The feminine smile and bright eyes never get lost in the shadow of the largest hat.

Salt pork at 18 cents a pound in New England, and turkey at twelve cents in Texas, is a strictly 20th century condition.  
One county in Texas has turned out fifty thousand dollars' worth of turkeys at \$1 a piece, and expects to do better next year.

Insurance funds come so easy it is not strange that the handlers of them get confirmed in the belief that the revenue is endless.

Down in Jersey a nominee for public office always thinks that it is necessary to attend church during the campaign, anyhow.

The newspaper reporter has found Dr. Cook in so many places that he was not at, that he is now at a loss to tell just where he is.

Northern Maine already has snow plentier than potatoes, and those who are yearning for sleigh rides or snowshoeing can find it there.

When father finds that he has got a pair of silk suspenders and slippers out of the Christmas distribution he doesn't mind bills for a hundred or two.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

Does Norwich Need Hired Governors?

Mr. Editor: I was much interested in the up to date spirit of Gilbert Raymond's address to the Open House club. I do not wonder that he likes the German plan of hiring a competent mayor; and Mr. Raymond is not the only open-eyed citizen who realizes the fact; but if it had a sensible citizenship the efficiency of the authorities would soon rise from below par to far above it. How many mayors have condemned the violation of the city ordinances forbidding the authorities to exceed the appropriations upon peril of going to jail? The bold mayor told these offenders of his administration they ought to go to jail. They didn't go—the people do not hold them to any responsibility. Why should they care for city ordinances or the voters?

How long ago was it that the discovery was made that there had been no building line established for East Main street, and that because the government engineers had been given a false line, the postoffice sidewalk had to be rebuilt? Has any one since moved to have a building line established? Are not property owners there building and making lines as they please—lines of disorder if not disgrace? Must we go on with no building lines and shifting grades forever, compelling citizens, as has been done at least in one instance, to raise buildings to keep up with the periodical grade-lifts of city surveyors? Why doesn't Norwich have established building lines on its business streets? Is there another city of the size of

**THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY**  
**A CALL TO ARMS**  
The old man and his wife sat before the fireplace, hand in hand, the light from the blazing logs playing fitfully on their faces. Sad faces they were, with lines of sorrow deeply engraved upon them—sorrow and a great loneliness. Now and then the woman raised a knotted hand to her eyes to wipe away the tears that glistened there.  
"Twenty years tonight, Mary," the old man said, breaking their long silence. His wife's fingers closed more tightly over his. "Twenty years," she repeated, almost in a whisper. "Twenty long years." Then her tears came fast, unrestrained.  
Suddenly the old man rose. "I'm going to call him," he told her, simply.  
"Call him?" his wife asked, puzzled.  
"Yes, Mary. Do you remember?" he lifted her from the chair and she placed her white head against his shoulder.  
"When our Jim was a wee one and used to stray into the hills after butterflies?" The woman added. "Do you remember how I used to call him home at bedtime? And after I had called him how we used to stand in the doorway waiting to see him run across the old field, a little tired after his day's fun, glad when you took him up in your arms and cuddled him?"  
"I remember. Oh, my—" She paused, trembling, then looked half fearfully into her husband's eyes. "The old call of 'taps,' John?"  
For answer he went towards the door, at the side of which hung an old bugle, a relic of his early youth, when he had been a bugler in the army. Tenderly he took the instrument from his hook, scarcely able to see it through the mist that had gathered in his eyes. It was covered with the rust of years—many had passed since last the sound of it had evoked an echo in the hills. The woman waited, breathless, for the old man to adjust the stop and place the mouthpiece to his lips. He opened the door.  
It was long past midnight. The moon shed bright, impartial rays upon the hills and the fields, making distinct every tree and stone—almost every blade of grass. The old man pointed to a nearby knoll. "There is where we used to see him first," he said, huskily. "First his first, then his army."

He waved it to us, sometimes calling: 'Blow again, father! Jim likes to hear 'taps' best of all. And then I would blow again for him.' His voice broke. "And you think he will hear you tonight, John? Suppose—Oh, I sometimes think he is dead!"  
"Hush, little woman, Jim is not dead. He will hear me. Listen." He filled his lungs. Then clearly, musically the call rang out, and clearly, musically from all around came the echoes. A thrush, startled at the sound, rose from its nest, circled in the air and descended, uttering little plaintive cries. Soon, however, it became quiet and again all was silent. In the doorway the old man and his wife stood, watching the top of the knoll.  
"Oh, I say, Jim, how do you suppose a fellow can sleep with that draught blowing in on him? Shut that flap, will you, and lie down? What are you doing there, anyway?"  
The speaker, a young man, partly clothed in the uniform of a corporal, sat up on his cot, drawing his blanket around him. To his impatient queries the man at the opening of the tent paid not the slightest attention, but stood motionless, as though listening. One hand pressed tightly to his side.  
"What the deuce!" exploded the other. "Jim, are you crazy? Come in, will you? Where, that wind is cold! Then in a slightly modified tone: 'Are you moon-gazing at your age, or—why what is the matter with you, old man?' Still receiving no reply, and intensely curious, Corporal Healy rose to investigate.  
Then Jim spoke. 'I was listening to 'taps,' he said. It sounded different tonight, somehow."  
"Taps! Why, man alive, 'taps' was sounded hours ago! It's almost time for the reveille!"  
"Hours ago, hours ago," Jim muttered, dazedly. "No, no. Years ago—you didn't hear it, Tom!"  
"I heard it at 11 o'clock, of course. I believe you're asleep, Jim." He peered into his friend's eyes, but they were alight with intelligence.  
"You're upset over something, I guess, old man. Come." Deeply troubled, Healy laid hold of Jim's arm and drew him, unresisting, away from the opening.—Boston Post.

Norwich in New England where contractors can build offices in a business street and force the people to walk in the streets in crowded business sections for months at a time? The city has three such instances at present.  
When Lorillard in New York valued a foot of land at \$20,000 in front of his business place to block public improvement, \$20,000 of valuation was added to his tax list, and he came down—has anything been added to the tax list of the obstructors of public improvements on West Main street who put a valuation of \$2,400 on three

**FEIBLE OLD PEOPLE**  
may have strength and renewed vitality.  
**Vinol**  
contains the elements necessary to nourish every tissue and replace weakness with strength. Should it fail to do so in any case we refund the money paid us for the medicine used. Please try it.  
**N. D. Sevin & Son, Druggists, Norwich.**

**THE MOHICAN COMPANY**

**BUTTER DAY, TUESDAY, DEC. 14th**  
**ELGIN CREAMERY BUTTER - lb. 33c**  
**GOOD TABLE BUTTER - lb. 30c**  
**PURE LARD - lb. 15c**  
**SAGE CHEESE - lb. 21c**  
**IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE - lb. 29c**  
**STRICTLY FRESH EGGS - doz. 25c**

**TIME FOR FELTS**  
**Wales Goodyear Bear Brand**  
**Ball Brand**  
Not made by a Trust  
We carry a full line of these well known makes of FELTS and OVERS in one or two buckles. COON TAIL Knit Boot, the best in the market; All Wool, White Felt Boot and LUMBERMAN'S Stockings with ovens to match. Buckle Arctics for men, women and children in high or low cuts.  
A large variety of High Cut Storm Shoes for the whole family in black or tan, at moderate prices.  
**The Geo. W. Kies Company**

**AUDITORIUM** 3 Shows Daily WEEK OF DEC. 13th  
2.30, 7 and 8.45  
Vaudeville, Motion Pictures and Illustrated Songs  
MARVELOUS MILE OMEGA ON SILVER WERE  
REFINED SINGERS HEARN & RUTTER ROBERTSON SOFT SHOE DANCERS  
NEVELLY COMEDY SKETCH GUY BARTLETT & CO. A Welsh Harlequin Drama  
That Harmonizing Couple CLAUDE & MARION CLEVELAND A Budget of Song and Gossip  
LILLIAN MORRELL in Illustrated and High Class Songs  
ADMISSION 10c  
Evenings Reserved Seats 20c | Pictures changed Monday, Wednesday and Friday

Is not such important work worthy attention and supervision by the street commissioner?  
These are evidences that we need a hired mayor—and more, too. It is time our peaceful sleep was disturbed—it is time for us to dream less and to do more.  
A TAXPAYER.  
Norwich, Dec. 13, 1909.

**A Factor in Life.**  
The alrship may fairly be considered a factor in life as soon as it becomes a commercial feature. When it arrives at that stage it is launched, and may be expected to actually and profitably sail. The type founders have recognized this new craft and have added cuts of considerable variety of the ships that sail the upper sea. The next thing will be a time table, rates of fare, and special accident tickets to be cashed in case of a long, hard drop. Before long the newspapers will be advertising excursions to points above the clouds to see how the thunder storms work from the other side.—Bristol Press.

**Affliction's Redeeming Aspects.**  
Senator Culberson must look on the ill health which offers a convenient excuse for his retirement from the democratic leadership of the senate as an affliction not without its redeeming aspects.—New York Sun.

**PLUMBING AND GASFITTING.**  
**The Vaughn Foundry Co.**  
**IRON CASTINGS**  
furnished promptly. Large stock of patterns. No. 11 to 25 Ferry Street  
Jan23d

**T. F. BURNS,**  
Heating and Plumbing,  
92 Franklin Street.  
Mar5d

**S. F. GIBSON**  
Tin and Sheet Metal Worker.  
Agent for Richardson and Boynton  
Furnaces.  
55 West Main Street, Norwich, Conn.  
Dec7d

**MISS M. C. ADLES,**  
Hair, Scalp and Face Specialist  
GLOSSY, NATURAL, ABUNDANT.  
Such woman's looks must be to meet the requirements of Fashion. What your own hair lacks, Miss Adles can supply, with the finest, healthiest and handiest human hair, imported direct from France, and properly sterilized. Don't invite scalp diseases by wearing cheap hair!  
Consult Miss Adles in Norwich entire week of Dec. 13th.  
**WAUREGAN HOUSE, Norwich**  
New York. Boston.  
Telephone 704. Dec13d

**Fancy Native Chickens**  
**Fancy Native Fowls**  
**Fancy Native Ducks**  
Just the thing for Sunday dinner.  
Apples, Basket Grapes, Malaga Grapes, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Etc.  
**PEOPLE'S MARKET,**  
6 Franklin St.  
Nov13d JUSTIN HOLDEN, Prop.

**The Fanning Studios,**  
31 Willow St.  
are showing some very pretty Chairs and other pieces of Furniture. Call and see them.  
Also Wall Papers, Lace Curtains, Shades and Upholstery Goods.  
Nov25d

**YOU CAN GET**  
a good and suitable Xmas present for the Horse, Carriage, Automobile and Chauffeur at  
**L. L. CHAPMAN'S**  
Harness and Carriage Repository,  
Dec7daw Norwich, Conn.  
Fine line of Kid, Jointed, Celluloid, Rag and Unbreakable DOLLS of all kinds.  
Doll Heads, Wigs, Arms, Etc.  
Work, Scrap, Nursery, Favor and Novelty Baskets in great variety.  
**MRS. EDWIN FAX, Franklin Square**  
Nov30d

**LOUIS H. BRUNELLE**  
**BAKERY**  
We are confident our Pies, Cakes and Bread cannot be excelled. Give us a trial order.  
Nov23d 20 Fairmount Street.  
TAKING is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin for business results.

**BROADWAY THEATRE**  
THE JACKSON AMUSEMENT CO. MANAGER.  
Thursday, December 16th  
**JOHN PHILIP SOUSA**  
AND HIS  
**BAND**  
John Philip Sousa.....Conductor  
Miss Frances Hoyt.....Soprano  
Miss Grace Hoyt.....Mezzo-Soprano  
Miss Florence Hardeston.....Vocalist  
Mr. Herbert L. Clarke.....Coronet  
PRICES:.....25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00  
Seats on sale at the Box Office, Wauregan House and Fletcher & Service's on Tuesday, Dec. 14th, at 9 o'clock.  
Cars to all points after performance.

**BREED THEATRE**  
CHARLES McNULTY, LESSEE.

**FEATURE PICTURE:**  
**The Fisherman's Bride.**  
**MISS FLORENCE WOLCOTT**  
Prima Donna Soprano, in Selected Songs.  
Matinee, Ladies and Children, 5c  
Nov15d

**MUSIC.**  
**NELLIE S. HOWIE,**  
Teacher of Piano,  
Room 45, Central Building.  
**CAROLINE H. THOMPSON**  
Teacher of Music  
46 Washington Street

**L. E. BALCOM,**  
Teacher of Piano,  
25 Chimes St.  
Lessons given at my residence above the home of the pupil. Same method as used at Schawenka Conservatory, Berlin.  
Oct15d  
**F. C. GEER**  
**TUNER**  
122 Prospect St.  
Tel. 511. Norwich, Ct.

**A. W. JARVIS**  
Is the Leading Tuner in Eastern Connecticut.  
Phone 518-5. 15 Clairmont Ave.  
Sept23d

**JAMES F. DREW**  
Piano Tuning and Repairing  
Best Work Only.  
Phone 423-2. 18 Perkins Ave.  
Sept23d

**Evening School**  
IN CITY HALL  
**NOW OPEN**  
TUITION and SUPPLIES FREE  
Also in Taftville Schoolhouse  
Oct23d

**Carriage and Automobile Painting and Trimming**  
Carriage and Wagon Work of all kinds. Anything on wheels built to order.  
PRICES and WORK REASONABLE  
**The Scott & Clark CORPORATION,**  
507-515 North Main Street.  
Apr16d

**The Norwich Nickel & Brass Co.,**  
Tableware,  
Chandeliers, Yacht Trimmings and such things Refinished.  
60 to 87 Chestnut St. Norwich, Conn.  
Oct4d

Removal Sale for next two weeks at Mill Remnant Store, 204 West Main St. All kinds of yard goods, the finest remnant pieces in dress goods, silk, cotton goods, etc. at very low prices. SPECIAL: Two thousand yards of silk valued from \$40 to \$1.90 per yard, sale price 18c, 25c, 30c, 45c a yard. Come in and see them at  
**MILL REMNANT STORE,**  
Nov13d 201 West Main St.  
WHEN you want to put your business before the public, there is no medium better than through the advertising columns of The Bulletin.